

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,339,329	33,801
1884	28,139,783	77,092
1885	51,241,327	140,387
1886	70,130,641	192,130
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 70,985

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 106,636

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Dr.	Cr.
1882	4,428,383	4,428,383
1883	4,428,383	4,428,383
1884	4,428,383	4,428,383
1885	4,428,383	4,428,383
1886	4,428,383	4,428,383
1887	4,428,383	4,428,383

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

It will not make much difference with the result of the Presidential election where the Democratic Nominating Convention shall be held.

It will make a vast deal of difference what the Democratic party in Congress shall do at the present session towards stopping the surplus by reducing the taxes upon the necessities of the people.

This is the previous question.

LYING, AS USUAL.

The impetuous *Sun* (mortgaged) says that "the Jersey City establishment of *The World* had just been abolished."

This is simply a new lie breaking out in the same old spot.

Whenever *Ten Times* plans a new enterprise, extending its field, the setting *Sun* is sure to get out a "fake" instead of getting at the news.

There has been no thought of abolishing the prosperous New Jersey edition of *The World*. Instead of this we shall on Monday begin the publication of a Harlem edition of *The World*, covering locally all the territory from One Hundred and Tenth street to the Westchester border.

And this is how we "move on."

ARROGANT AND UNJUST.

The action of the officers of the Clark Thread Company in refusing to listen to the complaints of their operatives, or to investigate the charges against their foreman, is wholly indefensible.

They have no right to take the word of the accused in preference to that of the aggrieved girls without hearing evidence in support of the charges. They abdicate their authority to a possible brute when they "refuse to interfere with him."

The Clark Company needs to remember that it isn't profitable to defy public sentiment when one has goods to sell.

AS TO MONOPOLIES.

President GREEN, of the Western Union Telegraph, denies that his company is a monopoly. It enjoys no exclusive privilege, he says—"the field is open to anybody."

Why, certainly. But the moment anybody does enter it the great corporation puts down its prices between competing points until the audacious intruder is either crushed outright or made willing to be swallowed.

The oil, the iron and the coal fields are "open to anybody." But let anybody undertake to enter one of them on his own hook and the feelers of the Devil fish will squeeze the life out of him mighty quick.

Combination has killed competition.

Sam DRISCOLL, the doomed "Why," is as fit a subject for the galleys as the law has recently condemned. It is well to have a murderer pay the penalty of his crime occasionally, if only to prove that "hanging is not played out" in New York.

BELVA LOCKWOOD intimates that she might find a "yes" in her vocabulary if asked to run for President again this year. Now let the daily *Amazons* trot out BEN BUTLER once more and the entries will be full.

Old man DANA, who tried to win the life-saving medal by "looking out for number one" in the accident to the *Seawanhaka*, is naturally very courageous in libeling dead men and abusing absentees.

Regulating the morals of a community by the aid of tar and feathers is a midwinter missionary enterprise in Westchester County. It is said to best "horning" as an exciting diversion.

Irving Hall declares for the abolition of political assessments, which now "practically prohibit any man who might rightfully be called poor from being a candidate for a political office." It is a just demand—but the

occupation of a great many professional politicians would be gone were it carried out.

The coal miners would do better to drop entangling alliances. "One thing at a time."

THE EVENING WORLD is booming. This is reliable.

HEARD ABOUT THE HOFFMAN.

"What paper are you on now?"

"Let's go into the art gallery; I am dry."

"Here comes J. C. Lolley and a 50-cent cigar."

"Commissioner Croker is going to the Hot Springs."

"I am going down to the Morton House to see Tom Hoke."

"I have been up to Albany. The boys expect a good winter."

"I have given up poker. 'Hide the Heart' is a better game."

"Have you seen Tom Hickey? He promised to meet me here."

"Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady is attending to his law business."

"Subway Commissioner Gibbons wears a daisy fastened overcoat."

"Tammany Hall is stronger than ever and under stricter discipline."

"Nick Langdon is spending the winter in Park row and Nassau street."

"Gen. Spaulding returns to Washington next week from the Hot Springs."

"What has become of ex-Congressman and ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer?"

"William MacNamara is one of the most successful of our young bookmakers."

"Bernard P. Martin and Thomas F. Gilroy have their eyes on the Sheriff's office."

"How did Assemblyman Timothy D. Sullivan get the title of 'Dry Dollar' Sullivan?"

"So that old man over there is Uncle Dan Rice? I went to his circus thirty-five years ago."

"That military-looking man over there is Gen. MacIver who has fought under fourteen flags."

"Sheriff Grant, County Clerk Fick and Gab Case are interested in the Fleetwood toboggan slide."

"Ex-Congressman John J. Adams still believes that David B. Hill will be nominated for President."

"Edward Kearney and Jordan L. Mott are to have a joint sale of their paintings in Chokering Hall."

"The public doesn't attend the Gottenburg races. The sporting men go there to ask each other."

"The Godey House is named after its owner, ex-Alderman William H. Godey, of the Ninth Ward."

"You seldom hear the names of John Morrissey, Hubert O. Thompson and John Kelly mentioned nowadays."

"Brewer James Everard is going into the Turkish bath business on Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway."

"What an important election this November—President, Governor, Mayor, Sheriff, County Clerk, Congressmen, Assemblymen, Aldermen, &c."

"The Wigwagmen of the Fourteenth Assembly District have established headquarters corner of Fourteenth street and Second avenue, opposite the residence of William M. Kevatt."

WORLDLINGS.

Robert B. Ferguson died in Pittsburg a few days ago of lockjaw brought on by a severe cold. This is one of the rarest forms of the disease, very few well-authenticated cases being recorded.

Senator Edmunds is an excellent billiard-player, and he is a fine table in his house. He frequently takes a cue with his daughter for an hour's practice after dinner, and it is said that they play nearly an even game.

William Sanders, a young Chicagoan, was arrested and fined \$5 the other day for attempting to hitch a white horse to a red-headed girl who was standing on a corner with her back to the street as Sanders drove up.

Mrs. Clara E. Pinkleton, of Jasper, Pa., who has brought suit for divorce against her husband because of cruelty, alleges in her petition that he chained her by the ankle to a bedstead for weeks with a brace chain.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Blockman, of Springfield, O., have a baby just a week old which weighs one pound and a half. It is a boy, and is perfectly formed. A lady's finger ring will easily slip over the child's foot and up the leg to the body.

A German named George Ruo, employed as a clerk in a Pittsburg (Mass.) factory, claims to have discovered a process for the manufacture of copper from acids and scrap iron. He says that he will be able to produce fine copper crystals at eight cents a pound.

Butler Lindsey, the thirteen-year-old son of F. P. Lindsey, of Seneca, Ga., is a hard-working and thrifty young farmer. Last year, with one horse, he made five heavy bales of cotton, six bushels of wheat, and twenty bushels of corn, and sold them for a total of forty bushels of oats.

Many of the young men of Adrian, Mich., have united to form a society having for its object the suppression of the cornet. They have agreed to do all in their power to persuade their feminine friends to give up the use of the injurious articles and never to marry any woman who persists in wearing them.

THE ARTIST AND THE COLLECTOR.

Wayfarers in Towns.

Lieut. James Hale, U. S. A., is at the Grand.

Frankie Bird, of Albany, is at the Brunswick.

Ex-Gov. E. C. Smith, of Vermont, is at the St. James.

Paymaster C. S. Thompson, U. S. N., is a guest of the Gilesey.

John W. Macartney, of Toronto, wrote his name on the Victoria's book this morning.

A. A. Stagg and Jesse C. Dann, Yale's famous ball-tossers, arrived at the Fifth Avenue to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Flinders, of Milwaukee, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Coste, of Ottawa, are at the Hoffman.

Samuel H. Reynolds, of Springfield, of Lancaster, Pa., and S. A. Bowman, of Springfield, O., are at the Algonquin.

Nathaniel Wilson, of Washington, and A. G. Cook, of Oswego, left their autographs on the Erie & Warren's register this morning.

Registered at the Victoria are J. B. Sulley, of Boston; W. M. Blackstone, a well-known merchant of Norwich, and John Hogg, of Boston.

Among others at the City House are Eugene H. Cowles, of the Cleveland Leader, and H. C. Pennington, owner of the Wyoming County Hotel at Willsboro.

John W. Macartney, prominent citizen of Washington, and J. C. Coombs, a Boston lawyer interested in the Henry B. Lee case, are registered at the Algonquin.

Among others staying at the St. James are J. B. Taylor, of New London; Chas. F. Marx, of Baltimore, who is connected with the U. S. O. R. R.; and W. H. Adams, of New York, and Franklin D. Rice, the Suffolk lawyer.

CAPTAIN LEW

A Buccaneer of the Bay.

BY

POLICE CAPT. E. O. SMITH,

Commander of the Police Boat "Patrol."

PART II.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")

ONE day, after they had been talking while the pony was resting under the shade of an overhanging tree, Bessie exclaimed: "Why, Wallace, we are very much of the same station in life, aren't we?"

"Yes, Miss Bessie," he said. "If I thought you realized that I might tell you something. But you must feel as if I were only your groom, only a servant."

"No, I don't. I know you need not do much work unless you choose. What did you want to tell me?"

Lew proceeded to tell her then and there. It was the old story, one that has been told a thousand times, and yet the one a woman loves to hear the best.

Bessie Reese undoubtedly loved the fellow, and even if she had thought him only a groom, was probably so much taken with him that she would have done what he did.

This was to steal away from the house Monday night with Lew. He had persuaded her to have all her valuables sent on to New York in three or four trunks, which had been expressed without old Mr. Reese knowing anything about it. They came to the city and got married the first thing after breakfast on the day they arrived.

Old Mr. Reese was furious. Bessie wrote and told him her story. He asked for the name of Lew Wallace's father, and that Lew declined to give. Well he might, after forging that gentleman's name and relieving him of several hundred dollars and some valuable plate. Then Mr. Reese refused to see or communicate with his daughter. "She has made her bed, let her lie in it," he said, savagely.

The old gentleman had a great passion for the water and owned a fast sloop yacht. He spent much of his time on it in the summer months, and now that his daughter's flight had left him alone and miserable he used to cruise about more than ever on the Undine.

One dark night, some two months after Bessie's elopement, a boat rowed up to the yacht as she was lying at anchor off New London. Most of the crew had gone ashore, and there were only a few men on board.

Suddenly these few found themselves overpowered and gagged by the men who had boarded the yacht. It was late at night and very dark. The men who boarded her were black masks, so their faces were not visible. They weighed anchor, tied the hands and feet of the crew together, and left them at a little distance inland on an uninhabited part of the Long Island shore of the Sound.

They made their way back to the shore, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a fishing schooner, which picked them up.

Nothing was heard of the stolen yacht. A dozen men wearing masks had boarded the boat and overpowered them and left them on the shore. That was all they could tell. One young, wiry fellow had commanded the crew, but he had spoken his orders in a studiously false pitch of voice. "It was too high to be natural and he evidently had assumed it to disguise his real tones."

Nothing was ever heard of the Undine, and the opinion began to be held that the thieves had taken from her everything that was valuable and then sunk her. Otherwise why had she never been seen anywhere?

Bessie Reese, now Mrs. Lew Wallace, was placed by her husband in a cheap Brooklyn boarding-house on Clark street. She was happy at first, poor thing! until Wallace's wonderful rapidity. He was away a good deal, and especially at nights. He offered no explanation of this except that he had things to look after.

Finally one day when Bessie reproached him a little for his neglect he said to her, in an ugly way: "Look here, you wouldn't like to know what I do. You're comfortable here, ain't you? You go ahead and have a good time and I'll pay your bills for you. That's what a husband is for, isn't it?"

"Lew, that doesn't seem quite like what you told me at home about you never marrying a girl unless you loved her?" said Bessie, reproachfully.

Wallace had probably half forgotten his story, but these words recalled it and he gazed at his wife's seriousness.

"Why, Bessie," he said. "I never was married by my father for not marrying any girl. That was a little bluff game to fetch you down and make you free and easy with the stable boy. Ha, ha, ha!"

The rascal thoroughly enjoyed his own villainy. Bessie's eyes flashed as she said: "What are you? A thief?"

"Shouldn't wonder if that is what some people might call me. If it would be a comfort for you to know, yes, I am a thief and a pretty good one, too. Now that it's understood, the less there is said about it the better. Your old dad would be as likely to do the handsome by you if he knew it. If you get him to forgive you, we can set up as nice, honest people, if I ain't dropped out before that."

It was pretty hard on the girl. But she clung to the one hope that he loved her. One day when he had showed up at the boarding-house after a week's absence (he gave out that he was with a New York business house and had to travel a good deal as an excuse for his absences to the people of the house) she said to him:

"Lew, tell me truly, do you love me?"

Wallace looked at her, and said, after a moment's pause, with a cruel smile: "Well, to give you a straight tip, I don't believe I do."

When he returned to the boarding-house,

after three days' absence, his wife was gone. Soon after he left the place himself.

This was two weeks before old Mr. Reese's yacht Undine had been stolen and subsequently disappeared.

Some time later robberies along the coast of the Sound began to be frequent. Houses in the rich towns lying on the Connecticut coast were most skilfully robbed and no trace found of the thieves. Robberies also were more frequent on the steamboats and craft that lay at docks along the North River.

After a while watchers on the coast began to find that a black sloop was frequently seen in the neighborhood of the robberies. Her name was "Satan," rather an ominous title to sail under. Her owner was a young Englishman, they said, who claimed to be earning about for his pleasure. An Englishman has a sort of right to be eccentric, but the eccentricity of the Satan and its owner looked to a good many as if it was crookedness.

During the summer two law students put in a good deal of their time boating along the Palisades on the Hudson. They were camping out on the Jersey shore. They noticed a rakish-looking black sloop that used to leave up stream and then drift down pretty late at night. The suspicions of one of these law-boys became aroused and he told me of this queer craft. It was the Satan. Well, the way the boat was carrying on was enough to warrant a word of explanation from her owners, and I determined to get it.

I had coupled in my own mind a few rumors and reports which I had got about the sloop Satan with the disappearance of Mr. Reese's yacht Undine. One bright summer afternoon the two law-boys came down the river rowing in their boat, and told me that the Satan had dropped anchor up the river, and was lying off Fort Lee.

Our own boat steamed up the stream very soon after that to see if we could find out something more about the craft. We steamed slowly by. There she was, sure enough, lying as lightly as a rose-leaf on the water. She was a trim, rakish-looking craft, entirely black, with "Satan" in red letters on her prow. Everything was very quiet on board.

I swung up on the New York side of the river, and when we got opposite to her, dropped a boat down on the starboard, so that our steamer hid it from the Satan, and let the men row a little off, still concealed by our boat. I had got in the boat myself. The steamer had not stopped at all. Then we pulled a good, easy stroke towards the Jersey shore, somewhat above the black craft.

Nobody was about except a young man who was stretched out in a steamer chair under the awning asleep. The steps were drawn up, and we fastened a rope ladder to her and climbed aboard.

The deck was not as neat as the deck of a pleasure yacht usually is and things were lying around in an untidy way.

We stepped noiselessly along. I left two men at the steps going into the cabin to capture any one coming up and went over to the man asleep in the chair. One glance was enough. The "young Englishman" cruising for his pleasure" was Lew Wallace, forger, river thief and accomplished buccaner, the Capt. Dick of New York Bay.

His hands were folded on his lap. One of the men with me lifted them very gently and I slipped a pair of bracelets on them.

Lew woke up as the cold iron of the handcuffs touched his wrists. His gray eyes opened and fell full on my face. He did not give the faintest start! There was not even a flicker of the eyelids. Not that he seemed dazed. It was sheer nerve. If he had been talking with me for half an hour and had simply chanced to turn his eye on me, he could not have had a calmer, more possessed look. The fact was, he had grasped the situation at once.

He glanced at the handcuffs and said to me:

"What the hell does this mean?"

"Nothing, except that we want to know a little about the Satan, where she cruises and what you do. Neat boat, isn't it?" I answered.

"Find out all you can," he answered.

"I'm sailing around for fun, like several other New York gentlemen."

The Satan was searched. A lot of rope, several anchors, sails, binoculars and other ship fittings were found on her. Wallace said he had picked them up from sailing vessels which had supplied themselves with new articles of the several kinds and were glad to sell the old ones cheap.

Mr. Reese came on to see the Satan. The Undine was a snowy white, but he was ready to swear that it was his boat, repainted, overhauled and with some alterations made in her. Two or three of his neighbors thought the Satan was very like the Undine, but could not swear to the two being the same boat.

Finally one of Lew's men "squealed" and told the story. Lew had got together a crowd of them and they had stolen his father-in-law's yacht. They had carried paint with them, and whipped her off to some quiet place and put a new coat of black paint on her. Then they had cruised around the bay and Sound, stealing from ships and houses in the rich towns along the shore of the Sound and on Staten Island. Some of the rope was identified through a peculiar thread which the owners had had woven into the strands for purposes of identification, but that was all that could be proven.

Mr. Reese had never heard of or seen his daughter Bessie since she eloped with the groom, who had subsequently become a gay buccaner. He was a sensitive old man and hated publicity.

Bessie had an interview with her husband after he was hauled up. She had not ceased to care for him, and her troubles had not wasted her. She had really grown prettier. Lew was drawn to her when he saw her again. Perhaps her fidelity had some effect on him. He had made \$60,000 or \$70,000 by his career, and was more willing to give it up and gratify his roaming taste by travelling than to be sent to prison again—a very bitter fate for him, with his passion for roving.

The fact is that Bessie saw her father and Capt. Lew was not brought to justice. No complaint was made against him, and there was not enough evidence to convict him with-out any accusers. So the thing was pushed up.

The Satan was repainted and sold by Mr. Reese. "Capt. Lew, of the Bay, has not been heard from since as a buccaner."

The pleasant part of the story is that Bessie Reese and her husband, Lew, are, if report be true, living together in a very happy way. They travel about in Europe a good deal. The only thing that needs to be said about the story is for old Mr. Reese to forgive his daughter and make her his heirress. Will he?

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

SOME TYPES OF CUSTOMERS WHO TRADE AT THE SMALL STORES.

A Few Cents' Worth of Food All That They Can Afford to Buy at a Time—Trade Dull and No Profit in Coal—Two Cents Paid for Milk for the Baby—Poor People Who Find It Hard to Get Food and Fire.

There is in Tenth avenue, not far from Forty-seventh street, a small grocery store. On the sidewalk near by the entrance door stands a coal-box. The room devoted to store purposes is hardly large enough to contain the stock. Nor is the stock of any great amount.

An EVENING WORLD reporter entered this store, spoke a few words to the proprietor, seated himself in the rear of the store near a miniature stove, and watched the customers as they came and went.

A woman entered, carrying a basket on her arm.

"I want two carrots and half a head of cabbage," she said, and paying two cents for the carrots and seven cents for the cabbage, she put her purchases in her basket and left the store with the same weary step with which she entered.

As she left, another woman came who bore a bucket black with coal dust. "Half a bucket, John," she said, and then drew near the fire to warm herself as "John" went out to fill her bucket.

At every other breath that the poor creature breathed, a dry, hard cough shook her frame and brought some faint coloring to her cheeks. Then "John" came in, and taking up the bucket, shuffled out on her way to the wretched quarters that she called home.

"Yes," said John. "I trust her, but it won't be many days before she'll stop coming. She's dying, you know," and John turned his attention to a bright-eyed little fellow who, with the bearing of a general, demanded a quart of potatoes, three and a half pounds of sugar, two pickles and a pint of milk, and bequeathed about it, he added, as he stuck his fingers first into his mouth, then into the sugar barrel and then back again into his mouth.

As John counted the change the little fellow left in payment, he remarked in a thoughtful way: "That little cuss is smart—black boots, a high top hat, and that sort of thing, until he makes half as much as his dad, and, altogether, his folks are pretty well off."

When John ceased speaking there was a merry shower of laughter at the door, and three girls, from, perhaps, seventeen to twenty years of age, came running in—all laughing and talking, yet all poor.

"I got a pickle and a can of one, and 'Me-too,' echoed the other two. Each one ate two pickles and one drank a glass of milk, and then they too, went